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PUCK BUILDING, New York, February 5th, 1908.

PRICE TEN CENTS.



"What fools these mortals be!"

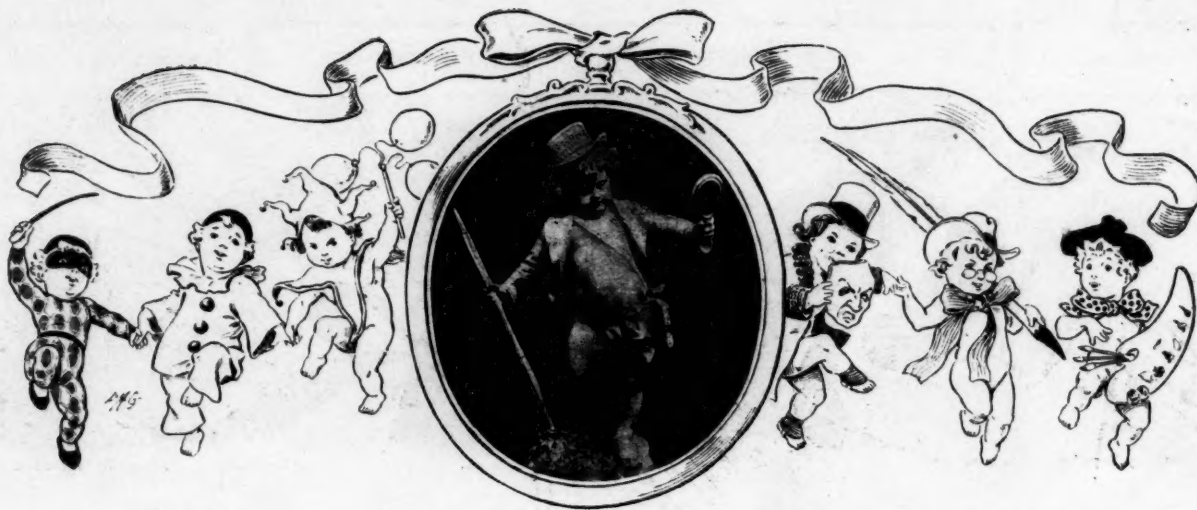


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A. H. FOLWELL, Editor

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"What Fools These Mortals Be!"

SLAVERY in the Philippines? What of it? If we can reverse ourselves on a little matter like "taxation without representation," why should a trifle like involuntary servitude embarrass us?

THE LATE "Ouida" made \$250,000 with her pen; but not being Indiana born, she blew it in.

FIFTY YEARS after it was founded in 1851 the Bank of North America, at the height of its prosperity, passed into the control of Charles W. Morse. He had it six years and now it has passed into the hands of a receiver.—*The Sun*. So it was Morse, not Roosevelt. Well, well!

NEITHER the East River Tunnel nor the through-train service to Brooklyn has relieved materially the Bridge Crush. The reason the Brooklyn and Williamsburgh bridges are not joined by a loop is because East Side residents protested against the erection of elevated tracks. The reason they protested is because they were paid to protest, at so much per head, at a public hearing. The New York traction interests furnished the money. That was brought out by the Public Service Commission. The joining of the bridges would have relieved the bridge crush by distributing it. It would also have given the Brooklyn Rapid Transit Company a foothold in Manhattan. Hence, the money. Hence, the East Side protests at so much per. It is well for Brooklynites to recall these things. It is well for strap-hangers in other cities to know how it is done here.

THE PRESS AGENT fear that Jack London was lost in the Pacific proved groundless, of course. It pays to advertise.

POLITICAL EXPEDIENCY.

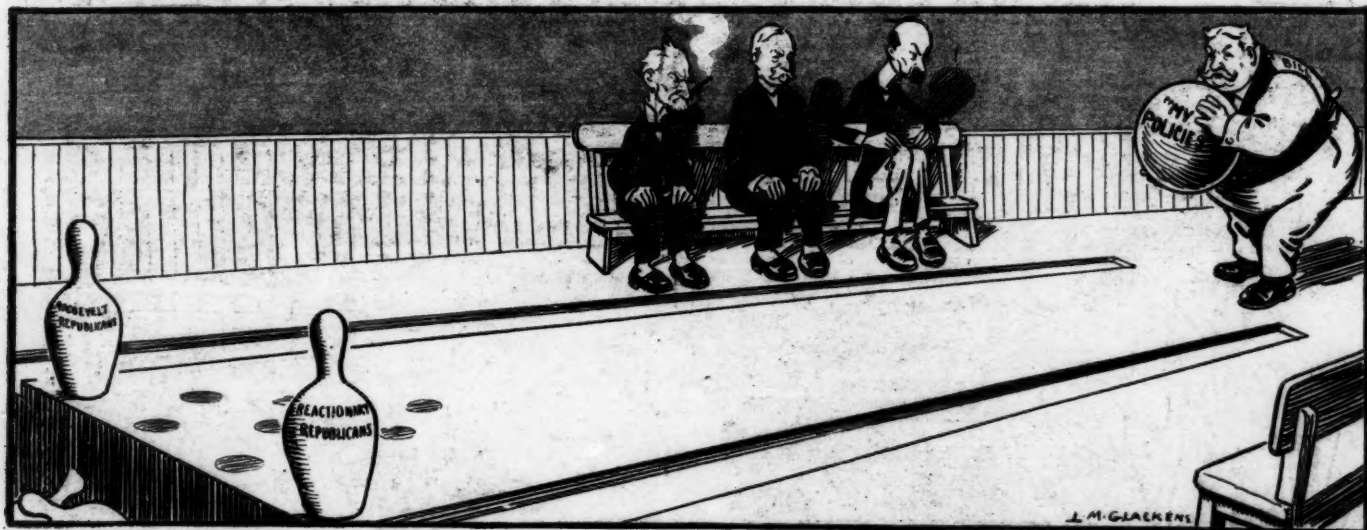
A GRAFTER lived in our town
And he was wondrous wise.
He trafficked with the red-light push,
And scratched out both his eyes.
And when he found his eyes were out,
With all his might and main
He joined the Prohibition push
And scratched them in again.

"YOU SEE I am in a better frame of mind than when I left Morristown two years ago."—*Richard A. McCurdy*.
Confidence has been restored, as it were.

PROFESSOR JAMES, discussing college education, observes that *McClure's Magazine*, the *American Magazine*, *Collier's* and the *World's Work* form a sort of people's university, making for high ideals. The neglect of Prof. James to include *Everybody's* will further disgust Mr. Tom Lawson and confirm him in his resolution to "let the public do its own reforming."

CHAMP CLARK, who offers to "bet his head," ought to throw in the other end to boot.

A BIG CITY is covered with snow, the street cleaning department falls down and along comes Providence with a thaw and cleans the streets. It seems fitting that Providence should take care of fools and babes; but why should it go out of its way to help out grafters?



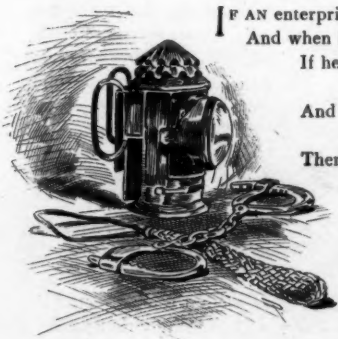
A BAD SPLIT.

IF YOU GET 'EM BOTH, BILL, YOU'RE A WONDER.



WHILE RIP VAN WINKLE SLEPT.

AN OFFENSIVE DISTINCTION.



IF AN enterprising burglar cracks your quiet little cot,
And when interrupted shoots you in a very vital spot;
If he fails to make a get-away his shirt is very
short,
And he gets a cold reception when he comes
before the court.
Then it's, "Stand forth, William Sykes! For the
blood that you have shed
You are sentenced to be dangled by the
neck till you are dead!"
A common malefactor, devoid of
influence,
He is guilty, proven guilty, of a criminal
offence.

If an enterprising banker plays a safer sort of game,
If he takes your hard-earned money and juggles with the same,—
If he comes a sudden cropper, and appears before the court,
The greeting that they give him is of quite another sort.
Then it's "Howdy, Mr. Banker! You are looking well to-day!"
And his Honor waits indulgently to hear what he may say.
And counsel for defendant pleads, in easy confidence,
"Mr. Banker's merely guilty of a *technical* offence." B. L. T.

REASON ENOUGH.

MORNINGSIDE.—Why did you take Hebrew this term? Planning
for the ministry?
COLUMBIA.—No; I'm going to the Catskills next Summer and
I want to be able to speak the language.

BASEBALLICIZED.

"ALBERT," said the editor of the *Bugle* to the Baseball Reporter,
"I see that the Reverend Van Deusen married Jud Hicks to
Susy Philbrick this morning. Write up a couple of lines about it."
Fifteen minutes later the Baseball Reporter, red-faced and per-
spiring, turned in the following:
"A tie game was put up this A. M. by the Reverend Van Deusen
who assisted a double play—Philbrick to Hicks. The game was
called at 10:15 and none of the decisions
was disputed. Mr. Hicks' batting
average, which has been tolerably
high in the past, will doubtless be
lowered considerably, though from
reliable reports the young couple
expect to make a home run in the
near future."

DISAPPOINTING.

YOU could read the womanly
woman's disappointment in
her moist eye and quivering lip.
"What is it?" we gently asked,
while our hearts went out to her.
"My husband's present to me,"
she faltered.
"Is it not what you expected?"
"No; only what I told him I ex-
pected."
Of course we felt for her. Why,
we asked ourselves, did such dense
men presume to marry?



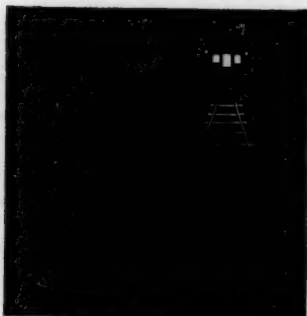
THE BIG DENT.

MARTIAN ASTRONOMER.—By the
rings of Saturn! If that extraordinary
depression which recently appeared on
Earth isn't gradually disappearing!

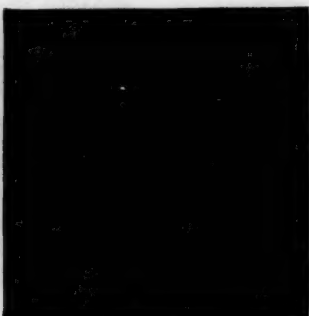
It takes two to make a bargain, but only one of them gets it.

THE SUBURBANITE BRINGS HOME A FRIEND.

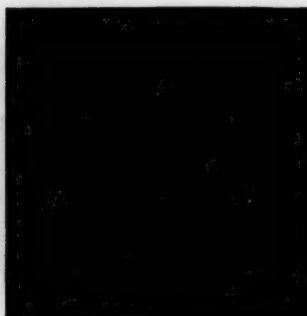
THEIR PROGRESS FROM THE STATION TO THE HOUSE ON THE ARRIVAL OF THE 6:19 LOCAL.



"Mind your eye, old man. The station steps are over this way."



"From here, on a clear day, the view is great. See twenty miles, easy."

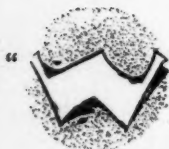


"We turn off here. Only a few steps farther."



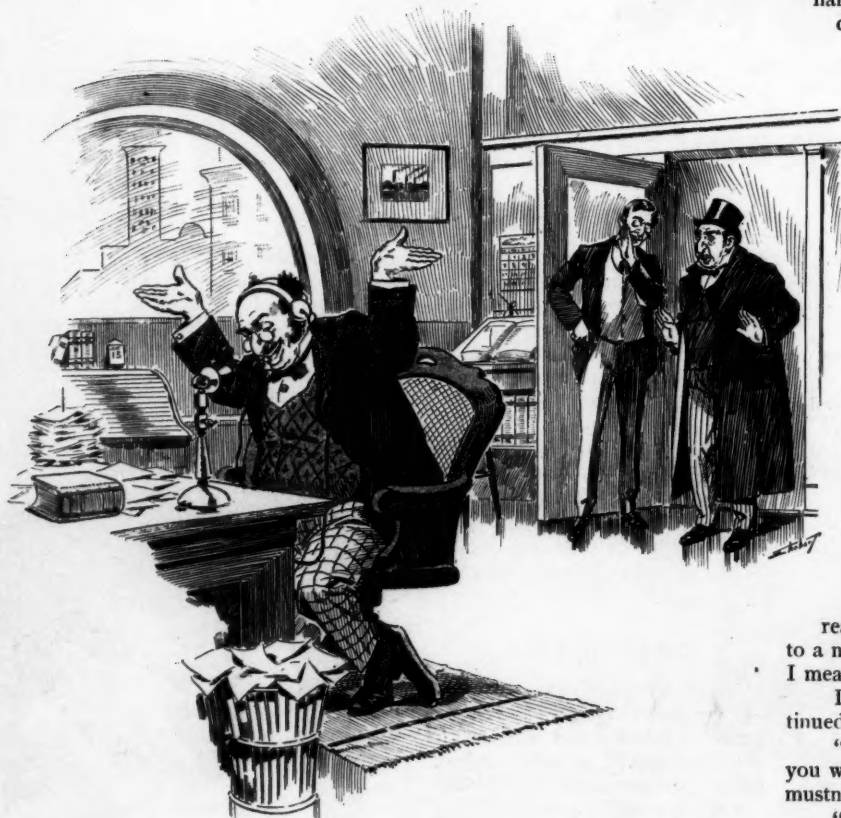
"That's our house—the one with the light."

A PASTORAL CALL.



"HY, Brother Thirdly, is it really you? I have been wondering when I was to have the pleasure of seeing you in my own home; but of course with all the calls a minister has to make and the constant demands on his time his parishioners can't expect to see a great deal of him in their own homes, although I do think that the only way for a minister to come into actual personal touch with the members of his church is to see them in their own homes. Our former pastor was very derelict in that respect. He hardly ever called unless there was sickness or trouble of some sort, and I think that was a great mistake. He was a good preacher, but not very much of a pastor. How are Mrs. Thirdly and the children? I suppose you are hardly settled yet. Won't you have a fan? No? So few men ever care to use a fan."

Mrs. Glibbly settled herself in an easy chair and proceeded to



FREE SPEECH AT LAST.

COHENSTEIN.—Vot is dot pizniss dot Levi's got strapped on his head?

LEVI'S SECRETARY.—I forget vot you call it, but Levi said he couldn't talk when he had to hold a telephone receiver in his hand.

"do the agreeable" on the occasion of her pastor's first call. He was an inoffensive little man with a vacuous smile and a sincere desire to love everybody and do good. Mrs. Glibbly was an "active member" of the church with a desire for leadership and a willingness to stand in the relation of private counsellor to her pastor and his family.

"I hope you are liking your new field, Brother Thirdly," she said affably, as she slowly waved the palm leaf the pastor had declined. "Of course we are not perfect here. Who is perfect? But we try to do the best we can under divine guidance and I think that you will find the members of the church ready to hold up your hands. It isn't what you might call an easy field. There are

a good many conflicting elements, but I hope you will be spared some of the troubles of our former pastor. But then he was not just the right man for our field—not but what he was a thoroughly good man. I am sure that he was that, but somehow he failed to—to—well assimilate or come into harmony with our people, and his wife—well, now that she has gone I feel free to say what I wouldn't say while she was here, and that is that she was not adapted to the duties of a minister's wife. She wasn't a really spiritual woman and either didn't know what was expected of her as a minister's wife or else she deliberately declined to do her duty, and yet I think that she was a woman who really meant well, and under different circumstances or married to a man who was not a minister she might—well, you know what I mean."

If Mr. Thirdly knew he did not say so, and Mrs. Glibbly continued:

"As I say, I think that you will like our people, but of course you will have to put up with their little idiosyncracies. And you mustn't mind Deacon Slapp."

"Deacon Slapp? He and his wife called last night and they were very pleasant indeed, and—"

"I don't doubt it, and that is why it is just as well for some one to prepare you for the Deacon's peculiarities—not that I don't like and respect him for I do, and I am sure that his heart is in the right spot. But he is never to be depended upon in regard to what he will say and do, and he blurts out anything he thinks without any



JUST AS GOOD.

THE NEW SECRETARY.—By the by, in giving that reporter a synopsis of your sermon, I could not recall your text, so I gave him the first appropriate one I could think of.

REV. DR. GOMILDLY.—Indeed! My text was "To him that hath shall be given." What one did you give him?

THE NEW SECRETARY.—"Dust to dust."

Among the other varieties of mental pabulum doubtless the editorial could be properly designated as predigested food for thought.

PUCK

THE UGLIFIER.

I MEET her while crossing the street,
Her cheeks have a wonderful glow;
She is pretty and stylish and neat,
But her glance is a positive blow;
For she screws up her features, as though
She hated the sight of a male,
And I shrink — though inquiry will show
She is merely adjusting her veil.



To see her at home is a treat
That only the fair can bestow;
At the play she is perfectly sweet,
But abroad she's the picture of woe.
See her lips, how they twist to and fro!
Is she suffering pain? Is she pale
With physical anguish? Not so —
She is merely adjusting her veil.

If she sticks out her tongue when you meet,
Don't think you're insulted, and go.
If she gasps like a fish in the heat
Don't run for assistance — go slow.
With practice, you'll probably grow
Quite hardened, and not even quail
At the sight, but may tell yourself, "Oh,
She is merely adjusting her veil!"

regard to one's feelings. And he does love to rule. His is a sort of 'rule or ruin' spirit — not but that he means well. But you must be careful not to antagonize him if you want to have any peace of your life. He ran two ministers out of the church. He always begins just as he has begun with you, in a kind of sugar-won't-melt-in-my-mouth way, but look out when he wants to show the cloven foot. Then I hope you won't mind Deacon Small's fault-finding — poor man! You might as well make up your mind first as last that you can't please him, and I doubt if he waits a month before sending you a long letter full of complaints. The trouble is that he wants to be on every committee in the church and lead the prayer meetings if you happen to be away. Old Deacon Crabb is another man you mustn't mind. He is dead-set against anything and everything he thinks any one else would like, and he is continually complaining because we don't reduce the minister's salary. I hope you won't mind if he gets up sometime in a church meeting and makes a motion that we reduce your salary. I thought it might be just as well to tell you of his peculiarities. Has Sister Meek called yet?"

"No, not yet."

"Well, she will and when she does I hope you won't mind anything she says about the other members of the church. She has never gotten over being deposed from her position of president of our Ladies' Society, and the way her tongue goes belies her name dreadfully. She is moving heaven to get herself reinstated as president of the society, and I fear you

On the loveliest countenance, lo!
This hideous serpent must trail.
Is it toothache? Mumps? Chewing gum? No —
She is merely adjusting her veil!

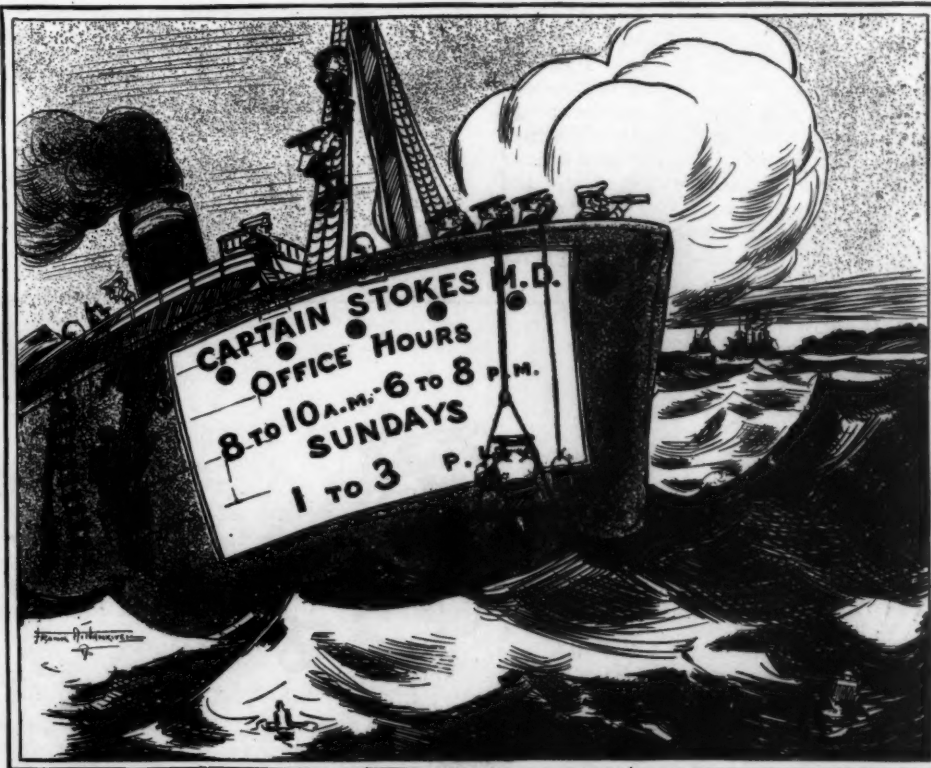
E. M. Robinson.

will find her very difficult if you don't side with her. Then her husband was dropped from the position of church clerk at our last election of officers and he hasn't spoken to a single one of the six persons who made up the nominating committee since, and I think that it would do no harm for you to know that he was one of the few who voted against our extending a call to you. Then if the Moody family give you the cold shoulder, as they are apt to do, you can attribute it to the fact that they were determined that we should extend a call to a cousin of Mrs. Moody's and they are so mad because we didn't that they make no secret of the fact that they mean to make it as unpleasant as possible for the new minister. I suppose that the Wilkes who live just across the street from you have called?"

"Mrs. Wilkes has been over."

"Of course I don't want to prejudice you against any one and

I think that a minister, of all people, should be left to form his own conclusions about the people in his parish, but it is well enough for you to know that the Wilkes are all out of harmony with about half the members of the church, and Mrs. Wilkes is just as two-faced as she can be. She will be all sweetness to your face and another thing behind your back — not but what she is a well-meaning person and wants to do right. What she needs is more grace and I have told her so several times. Oh, pastor, why is it that the real spirit of grace doesn't abound in the church as it once did? If more of our members had the real spirit of grace



HANGING OUT HIS SHINGLE.

SURGEON STOKES' FIRST ACT ON TAKING COMMAND OF THE HOSPITAL SHIP "RELIEF."

there wouldn't be any of this speaking ill of each other among members of the same church. I do feel so burdened about the lack of grace in our own church, and I do want to be a help to you in creating more of this spirit for it is what our church needs more than anything else. There are members of our church who haven't spoken to each other for five years, and that reminds me that you must be careful not to offend the Ryley's for they are dreadful people to hold spite and they hadn't one of them spoken to our last minister for six months before he left us and all because the minister refused to officiate at the wedding of a sister of Mrs. Ryley's who had a divorced husband living.

I took the liberty of telling Sister Ryley to her face that I felt that the minister did just right, and Sister Ryley hasn't spoken to me since. But I'm one that never shrinks from my duty, and when I see members of the church failing to live up to their obligations as Christians I tell them so."

"Brother Craft and his wife—"

"Oh, pastor, I do hope that you will be very careful in all your relations with Brother Craft and his wife! Not that I want to speak ill of any one, but the Crafts are usually the first persons in the church to seek to create dissatisfaction with the minister. And don't say anything about new hymn books before them. They nearly divided the church on the question of new hymn books and our music in general, and—must you go so soon? I'm so glad you called and I mean to run around real soon and call on Mrs. Thirdly and I want both of you to come to tea real soon. I want to talk over a lot of church matters with you."

There's one thing, pastor, and that is you will find ours a harmonious and united church. Of course there are little differences of opinion and some of the members might have a greater work of grace in their own hearts, but I am sure that they all mean well and now that we have a new pastor I hope that all old scores will be wiped out and I for one mean to make your new field just as pleasant as possible for you, and if some hold back and seek to make



QUITE EXCUSABLE.

SEEDY YOUNG ONE.—What! You don't remember me, Mr. Simpkins?
PROSPEROUS OLD ONE.—Why—er—your face is slightly familiar, but I—er—somehow have—
SEEDY YOUNG ONE.—Don't you recall? I was the dummy you got those personal loans through last year.
PROSPEROUS OLD ONE.—Oh, yes, of course! The unfortunate Toiler's Trust Company. But I had so many dummies at the time that at first I couldn't place you.

trouble, as they no doubt will, why—well, I don't know but there are times when one is justified in giving folks as good as they send, and—good-bye. I do hope we will have a real revival and a great work of grace in the church now that you are here. Anything I can do—good-bye. Bring Mrs. Thirdly and—yes. I will very soon. Good-bye."

Max Merryman.

INGENIOUS ARTHROPOD.

"HURRY up there!" shouted Noah to the centipede.
"Well, I'm just about all in," remarked the clever animal, making use of a play upon words.



PIECES THEY SPEAK.—I.

"Ye call me chief; and ye do well to call him chief who for twelve long years has met upon the arena every shape of man or beast the broad Empire of Rome could furnish, and who never yet lowered his arm."
—Spartacus to the Gladiators.



In February, 'Ninety Nine,
She said she'd be His Valentine.

A MONDAY MORNING EPISODE.



MRS. CHARGEM.—I believe I *will* go down town and see those bargains. The storm will keep everybody away and I'll have the whole store to myself.



But two thousand eight hundred and sixty-three other women had the same thought.

EVOLUTION.

HE GRUBBED out a living with travail and toil,—
His parish a wilderness, not on the map;
And no one discovered that Fate dropped a tear
When she left him, an exile, in Balsam Gap,
On a paltry six hundred a year:
And he preached that ALL men
Are damned from their birth
Unless born again.



It chanced, before body and soul were quite starved,
That Fortune espied him one merciful day,
And bore him to pastures, half fertile, half drear,
With a patch of blue sky through the somber gray,
And a modest ten hundred a year:
And he preached that MOST men
Are damned from their birth
Unless born again.

Once more fickle Fortune played tag with his soul,
And gave him a church where the orchestral themes
Rolled, wondrously sweet, on his listening ear,
Uplifting him near to the goal of his dreams,—
And they paid him three thousand a year:
And he preached that SOME men
Are damned from their birth
Unless born again.

A turn of the wheel, and we see him ensconced,
Smug, unctuous, bald, in a diocese rich;
A soiree, a function, a smirk word of cheer,
Some talk about righteousness civic,—for which
He is paid just ten thousand a year:
And he now is resigned
To discourse on Hell
As a state of mind.

Walter Lee.

THE ANTI-MONOPOLY CRUSADE.

UNCLE JEPHTHA.—The railroad is sellin' tickets ter Chicago fer four dollars. They can't afford ter do it at that price.

UNCLE STEVEN.—No; that's what Hiram said. He went an' bought nine tickets an' didn't use one of 'em. Said if he had money enough he'd keep on buyin' tickets till he'd busted up the hull railroad monopoly. He's got it in fer the trusts, Hi has.

INSTINCT.

LOANSTEIN.—I got a turrible bad coldt in my headdt.
ISAACS.—Vhy don't you take somethings for it?
LOANSTEIN (*absent-mindedly*).—How much vill you gif me?



THE DIABOLO CABINET.

THE TENNIS CABINET'S PROBABLE SUCCESSOR.





THE RIVALS.

THE VERSATILE SPORTSMAN.

H. ELLUVER GOODFELLOW IN THE ACT OF —



FISHING.



SHOOTING.



GOLFING.



YACHTING.



BOWLING.



PLAYING BILLIARDS.

LIBERTY.

LIBERTY is something which should be possessed in abundance and used in moderation. For instance, a man should have absolute liberty to draw his money out of a bank at the very moment he wishes, provided too many do not choose the same moment.

An editor should have absolute liberty to say what he wishes, provided he does not drive away advertising.

There is only one kind of liberty that is worth having, and that is the liberty which you have not. There is only one kind of liberty that is worth using, and that is license. License, however, is never used by oneself, but always by the other fellow.

Liberty may also be defined as that which backward nations fight for and which progressive, civilized nations like the United States have, but do not appreciate. For instance, in Russia they are willing to die for the right of suffrage. In the United

DOMESTICATED.

YE GENTLE KNIGHT.—By good Saint Guzzle, a suit of armor right handy doth come in when ye tournament business is on ye fritz.

States we would rather die (by railroads, automobiles, adulterations, etc.) than to take the trouble to vote intelligently.

On second thought, it may be better not to have so much liberty than to have so much which we do not use.

Ellis O. Jones.

IN THE PANIC'S TRAIN.

"BUT," said the visitor, "these money panics affect you farmers the last and the least of any class of people."

"Right there is where you are mistaken," replied shrewd old Uncle Akers. "I've already heard of three cases in this neighborhood where men went out after dark and buried their money in fruit cans, and they haven't yet been able to find the exact place where they buried it. And yesterday I heard of the case of two old maid sisters that didn't have any land of their own, so they went and buried their pile, three hundred and fifteen dollars it was, in a field belongin' to a neighbor of theirs, and the chances are that now they'll have to go to law in order to get possession of it. Fact is, hard times bear more heavily on the rural population than on any other class of citizens."

VALUE RECEIVED.

THE CASHIER.—If this gets out, our depositors will be down on us in force to-morrow.

THE PRESIDENT.—Well, we'll give them a run for their money.

TRIOLET.

A MILWAUKEE PROTEST.

I ORDERED a stein
And he brought me a schnitt.
Said I: "Not for mine—
I ordered a stein."
With a thirst that was fine,
With a thirst that was lit,
I ordered a stein
And he brought me a schnitt.

SEVERELY classical music has a tendency to depress the ass in the audience who beats time with his foot, but only serves to bring into fuller flower the ass who talks.



GONE BUT NOT FORGOTTEN.

TURKEY, JUNIOR.—Where you goin', Pop? Kin I go, too?

TURKEY, SENIOR.—No, Gobby, not this time. -Your mother and I are taking our annual trip to the Cold Storage Warehouse to place a wreath on your poor Uncle Strutter.

TAKING THE VEIL.



HE took the veil; from earth's rough storm
She thus withdrew
And all the beauties of her form
Concealed from view.

Her hair which rippled in the light
No eye could mark,
Enveloped was her figure quite
In habit dark.

And yet I know she did not set
The world apart.
Mere mundane matters charmed her yet,
Still beat her heart.

She climbed aboard, down hill and dale
Away we spun!
I blessed the day she took the veil,
My auto nun.

McLandburgh Wilson.

A SOFT SNAP.

"THAT man over there," said the landlord of the Pruntytown tavern, indicating with a jerk of his thumb an exceedingly comfortable-looking by-passer, "is in some respects the most remarkable prominent citizen you ever saw. He actually don't want to be postmaster!"

"That is certainly a strange state of mind for a prominent



JOURNALISM REALISM.

Mr. Fitzsharkey denies the rumor, which gained currency yesterday, that he is about to enter the ring again and asserts that he has no idea of ever fighting O'Donnell. He said last night:

REALLY.

"Nix, nix! Chop it, bo, chop it. Wha'd'ye know about that? No more in mine. I'm all shot to the devil. Couldn't scrap. Where'd'ye git the dope? Oh, that blanked dashed blank? Nothin' doin'. Jus' say they ain't nothin' to it."

AS PRINTED.

"There is absolutely no scintilla of veraciousness in the report that I am again to enter the roped arena. My gladiatorial days are ended. Whence the rumor originated I have no conception, but it may have been from one of Mr. O'Donnell's lieutenants. Be that as it may, you may quote me as saying that my retirement from pugilism is final."

Puck's Congressional Record.

(By underground wires.)

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES. — A bill to place on each desk in the House of Representatives a copy of the latest revised and unabridged dictionary, accompanied by maps, charts, etc., for the purpose of enabling members and other authorized officials to arrive at the speediest and most practical understanding of executive messages and documents, was defeated, after the unanimous adoption of an amendment reducing the number of copies to one for every twenty-three members.

A bill appointing a committee to confer with a similar committee to be appointed by the Senate, on the question involving the practicability of requiring both houses of Congress to meet for the transaction of important public business on each working day previous to what is recognized as the Christmas holidays, was referred, after a protracted debate, to the Committee on Legislative procedure.

A bill restricting the privilege "to print" to speeches actually delivered on the floor of the House, and requiring members to confine their remarks to bills under consideration, was defeated by a large

non-partisan majority, the ground being taken by the speakers on both sides that the effect of such a measure would be to eliminate all political discussion, intended for circulation, by means of the *Congressional Record*, during political campaigns, and would largely reduce the usefulness of said *Congressional Record* as an intelligent and influential publication. Previous to the taking of a vote on the last-mentioned bill, an amendment recommending a more liberal use of quotation marks in connection with speeches obviously designed for political effect, was stricken out.

A bill requiring Transatlantic transportation companies to furnish an accurate list of summer tourists from the United States to European countries, with an estimated amount of what each of said tourists is likely to spend at the various points visited, was referred to the Committee on Statistics. The object of this bill, as explained by the member introducing it, was to aid in reaching a clearer understanding than that offered by hitherto recognized authorities on financial matters, as to the reasons for the money stringencies occurring periodically in this country. M. C.

citizen to be in," replied the washing-machine agent, who had traveled widely and knew many things. "How do you account for his amazing eccentricity?"

"Well, I guess it's b'cuz he is married to a rich widow, and don't even have to take the trouble to set back in an easy-chair and be impudent to the public in order to make a living."

A RISING YOUTH.

UNCLE EZRA.—Hear 'bout that young Amro Gillihob this forenoon?

UNCLE ISAAC.—No; what's Amro been doin'?

UNCLE EZRA.—Why, he talked with a feller from the city, a smooth-lookin' feller with a silk hat on, fer more'n an hour in one corner of Tutt's hardware. Talked low, real confidential-like.

UNCLE ISAAC.—You don't say! Well, them Gillihobs always was an ambitious family. This seems ter be gettin' ter be a young man's age, anyhow.

PUTTING IT GENTLY.

MR. HENPECK.—I hear that young Jones and his wife are not getting along very well.

MRS. HENPECK (*authoritatively*).—Jones should never have married when he did: he was too young to realize the step he was taking.

MR. HENPECK.—Yes, I know—but I like the boy; we have many things in common.

SYMPTOMS OF NERVOUS PROSTRATION.

MRS. GADSBY (*hugging dog*).—I don't know what we're going to do about poor, darling Fido.


MR. GADSBY.—Humph! What ails him?

MRS. GADSBY (*in surprise*).—Why, haven't you noticed how irritated he becomes whenever the baby cries?




NEVER MORE TO PART.

Spice gives its bearer the momentary happiness of being happy in unhappiness.



HUNTER WHISKEY

IS A PURE RYE PRODUCT OF HIGHEST QUALITY AND UNIQUE FLAVOR. HENCE MOST WHOLESOME. GUARANTEED UNDER THE NATIONAL PURE FOOD LAW.



Sold at all first-class cafes and by jobbers.
W.M. LANAHAN & SON, Baltimore, Md.

AMONG THE MAGAZINES."

The Century, now referred to as "the junior St. Nicholas," really deserves this title, for it is in its second childhood, or what may be termed 'doddering old age.'

Everybody's a good bargain for fifteen cents, for you get more weight of paper than any other magazine, and as you do not have to read it, everybody should be happy.

"How Much is Too Little When You Marry?" "A discussion of a vital topic by a number of interesting women"—this is the title and sub-title of a leader in *The Delineator*. The symposium is by a flock of single ladies that surely ought to know what they are talking about. They are, note them—Kate Masterson, Katherine Leckie, Anne Rittenhouse, Ada Patterson and Kate Jordan. We acquit the ladies of all intent to defraud, for the article is no doubt an inspired one, from the light mind of Arthur Raving Ridgway, John Harebrained Cosgrave, Peter Paper Patterns or some other of the masculine ladies that direct the destinies of the magazine.—*The Overland Monthly*.

Banquets

and dinners are satisfactory only when the wine is satisfactory.



GREAT WESTERN CHAMPAGNE

—the Standard of American Wines

Is the banquet wine *par excellence*. It is the favorite in the homes where the choicest of everything is demanded.

"Of the six American Champagnes exhibited at the Paris Exposition of 1900, the GREAT WESTERN was the only one that received a GOLD MEDAL."

PLEASANT VALLEY WINE CO.
Sole Makers. - Rheims, N.Y.

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BRANCH WAREHOUSE: 20 Beekman Street.
All kinds of Paper made to order.

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It not only gives a high, glowing, durable polish to all metals, but the polish

Bar Keeper's Friend

It will shine on! It benefits all metals, minerals or wood while cleaning them. 25c 1 lb. box. For sale by druggists and dealers. Send 2c stamp for sample to George William Hoffman, 202 E. Washington St., Indianapolis, Ind.

Munsey's aggregation of monthly issues are not worth the paper they are printed upon; so what's the use of trying to write a review about them.

Fashion Note.—Heavy-weight thoughts by light-weight brains continue to fill up the magazines, and will probably be the vogue until some of the publishers decide to spend a little money.—*The Overland Monthly*.

The Harper publications, under the mis-management of Col. Great Big Man Harvey, are worse than ever. It is impossible to class which is the worst; the monthly is awful, the weekly the same, the review the same, and the bazar the same—and there you are.

The *Cosmopolitan* is the best magazine published, and it is far from perfection, but under its present management, it is showing an advance in the right direction each month. If they would eliminate the tiresome Alan Dale, a good step forward would be made; also do the same to Ambrose Bierce. These two are too much of a load for any magazine.—*The Overland Monthly*.

Pears'

Economy is a watchword of the thrifty.

That's one reason so many prosperous people use Pears' Soap. *There's no waste about it.* It wears out, of course.

On sale everywhere.

OUT TO-DAY!

Puck's Monthly Magazine No. 38

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A Burlesque Historical Novel

Monsieur d'en Brochette

By the Humorous Syndicate

JOHN KENDRICK BANGS
ARTHUR HAMILTON FOLWELL
and BERT LESTON TAYLOR

29 Full-page Illustrations by FRANK A. NANKIWELL

This "historical" account of certain of the adventures of Huevos Pasada Par Agua, Marquis of Pollio Grille, and Count of Pate de Foie Gras, is a clever and amusing burlesque on the novel of historio-adventure. We consider it strange it has not been done before, but it is certainly well done now.
—*Detroit Free Press*.

"Monsieur D'En Brochette" is a capital travesty of the romances of the sword by American imitators of Alexandre Dumas which have been so numerous and popular in the last few years. The satire is keen and even the victims cannot fail to admire the skill with which the sharp thrusts are given.
—*The Cleveland Plain Dealer*.

The adventures which Robert Gaston de Launay Alphonse, Marquis of Pollio Grille, Count of Pate de Foie Gras, and Much Else Besides, succeeds in crowding into the short space of forty-eight hours are astounding.
—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.

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GLOVES 29¢
GLOVES 39¢

FITTING.

THE SALESLADY.—I don't think this glove is large enough for you.

CHARLEY (who likes it).—Try a smaller one.

It's the proper thing to take Abbott's Bitters with a glass of sherry or soda before meals; gives you an appetite. At all druggists.

"You deny the women of Russia the right of equality with men," acclaimed the leading lady of the committee.

"Madam," responded the head of the bureau courteously, "you are in error. I distinctly remember having hanged a number of you."—*Phila. Ledger*.

FOR A SUBWAY MAP OF NEW YORK and Brooklyn, send a 2 cent stamp to Advertising Dept., Room C, Grand Central Station, New York.

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SAFETY AUTOMATIC REVOLVER



Hammer the Hammer

Different from every other revolver, and infinitely superior to near-safe imitations, because the feature that makes it possible to in perfect safety, is not a mere device added to the revolver, but is itself a part of the firing mechanism. No buttons to press, no catches to set, no levers to pull. The hammer of an Iver Johnson Automatic Safety Revolver never touches the firing pin, and the firing pin never touches the cartridge until the trigger is pulled. You can "hammer the hammer," drop it, kick it, pound it, but until you pull the trigger, there's "nothing doing."

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Iver Johnson Safety Hammer Revolver
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Sold by Hardware and Sporting Goods dealers everywhere, or sent prepaid on receipt of price if dealer will not supply. Look for the owl's head on the grip and our name on the barrel.

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San Francisco: Phil. B. Bekeart Co., 717 Market St. London, England: 13 Oulton St., E. O.

Makers of Iver Johnson Single Barrel Shotguns and Iver Johnson Truss Bridge Bicycles

"CONSERVATISM."

Prosecution of pending land fraud cases has been affected by the recent decision of Judge Robert E. Lewis, of the District Court, at Denver. More than sixty persons, several wealthy and prominent citizens of Colorado included, were indicted there last year for conspiracy and fraud in violation of the land laws. Judge Lewis quashed all the indictments relating to the timber and general land statutes and indicated that he would also quash those relating to the coal land laws. His decision is regarded by the prosecutors as sustaining the methods by which corporations have acquired coal and timber lands by means of "dummy" applicants or entrymen to whom the corporations supplied money for the necessary payments. It is characterized by the Government's attorneys as revolutionary, and Attorney-General Bonaparte has authorized an appeal to the Supreme Court.—*The Independent.*



COOK'S
Imperial
EXTRA DRY

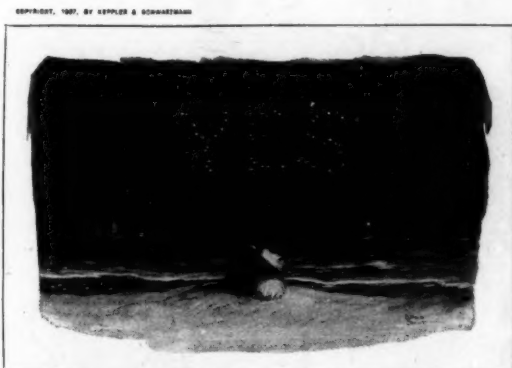
"Waiter, be sure and bring me Cook's Imperial; I have known that champagne for years and can depend on its uniformity of quality—it equals the best vintages of the Old World."

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By E. Frederick.
Photogravure in Sepia, 20 x 15 in. PRICE ONE DOLLAR.



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By Stuart Travis. PRICE ONE DOLLAR.



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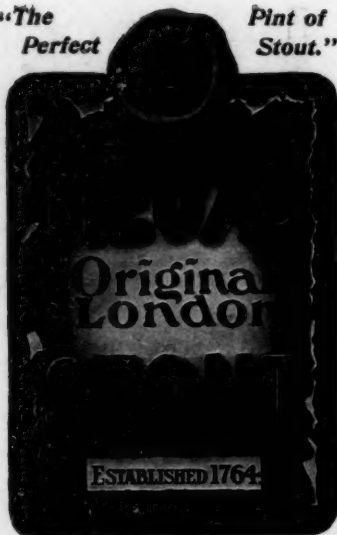
"The only kind that won't smart or dry on the face"

You owe your face the greatest possible comfort and safety in shaving. Insist on Williams' Shaving Soap.

May be had in the form of Shaving Sticks or Shaving Tablets.

"The
Perfect

Plnt of
Stout."



LUYTIES BROTHERS, U. S. Agents, New York

THE VULGAR HEADLINES.

It will be difficult for the American reader to understand how strict and jealous is the English censorship of "the leading journal." A few months ago the *Times* adopted the innovation of indicating the subject of each of its editorials by a headline identical typographically with those which appear on the *Sun's* editorial page. It had been necessary during the previous century or so to read a quarter of a column or more of a *Times* leader before discovering what was the real subject under discussion. The change brought forth many violent protests. I happened to discuss journalism with an intelligent English lady who had read the *Times* religiously all her long life. "Think of the *Times* doing such a vulgar thing!" she exclaimed in righteous indignation. "I have stopped my paper."—*N. Y. Sun*.

WISDOM FROM THE WEST.

We venture to assert that President Roosevelt will appear to future generations a much larger man than he appears even to most of his supporters. We believe that a good many of the little things that have offended even some of his friends, such as his fondness for newspaper controversy, his inclination to charge dishonesty to those who do not agree with him, and his impulsive advocacy of several crude proposals—we believe that most incidents of this kind which have from time to time filled the public eye be-



BUNNER'S Short Stories



H. C. Bunner

SHORT SIXES

They will delight all sorts and conditions of readers.
—*Pittsburgh Dispatch*.

The Runaway Browns

Will bring more than one hearty laugh even from those unused to smile.—*N., P. & S. Bulletin*.

Made in France

Though the creations are de Maupassant's the style is Bunner's, and we are well acquainted with that quaint humor and originality.—*Detroit Free Press*.

More Short Sixes

You smile over their delicious absurdities, perhaps, but never roar because they are "awfully funny."—*Boston Times*.

The Suburban Sage

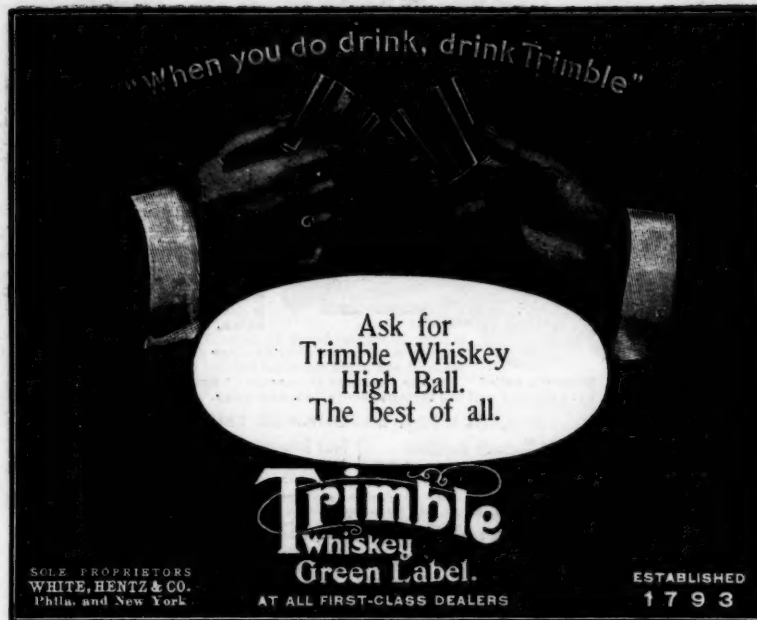
Mr. Bunner in the present volume writes in his most happy mood.—*Boston Times*.

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cause of their more or less sensational character will be forgotten and will be noticed only as illustrative of his impulsiveness and aggressiveness. And the sources from which the biographers and historians of a century hence will draw their material will not be the New York papers. President Roosevelt's merits as an eccentric will be judged first by the results in the country's history that can be traced to his policies and by what can be gathered from his own messages and addresses. Future generations will not read into those documents what it pleases his hysterical critics to read into them. They will be read to mean what they say, not once, but a hundred times, so far as what they say shall be borne out by the acts of the Administration. One law for the rich and the poor; a relentless attack, not on all wealth, but on wealth that has been ill-gotten and on the methods by which it has been ill-gotten; the overthrow of those who are perverting laws intended for the public welfare to their own private enrichment to the detriment of the public—such is the spirit of all that Roosevelt has spoken or written on matters of national policy. And what he has said and what he has done to put those policies into effect has the approval of the conscience of the public from one end of the country to the other.—*St. Paul Pioneer Press*.

WE'LL BEAR IT IN MIND.

Most of the cartoonists picture Speaker Cannon as swinging his gavel with his right hand, when as a matter of fact the Speaker is left-handed and does not swing his gavel with his right hand once in a thousand times.—*The Argonaut*.



SIMPLICITY ITSELF.


CUSTOMER.—But I want to use it as an appetizer.
MRS. DELICATESSEN (*obligingly*).—Vell, dot's all righd. I vill
tear der Pure Food Label off it und you von't know vat's in it.

Cellarette, side-board, sleeping-car or ocean steamer
kit is incomplete without Abbott's Bitters. Adds zest
and flavor, aids digestion.

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The World's Best

Bitters



Athletes when fatigued; ladies after shopping; men about town needing a true, quick-acting tonic-restorative, of permanent benefit, find nothing equal to "Underberg" Bitters. It is positively unvarying in quality—famous for over 60 years. Delicious at all times, it creates a healthy appetite, and promotes digestion.

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The Best Bitter Liqueur



EASY MONEY.

CONTRACTOR (coming out of his palatial residence).—Come, boy! No loafing! You ought to have had that snow off half an hour ago.

BOY.—Oh, I wuz just waitin' for it to rain, same as you do when you has a snow removal contract.

GREAT BEAR SPRING WATER.
"Its Purity Has Made It Famous."
Sold by good druggists and grocers.

SOME NEAR-ANCIENT HISTORY.

The New York *World*, which lent itself to the work of foisting Alton B. Parker onto the Democratic party as its candidate for President, now is devoting itself to an effort to vitalize a "boom" for Gov. Johnson of Minnesota. . . . With the support of the "anything to win element" that was dazzled by the promises that Parker could carry New York and New Jersey and that the campaign chest of the party would be filled to overflowing, the New York contingent had comparatively easy sailing. Parker was nominated. It is quite unnecessary to recall that he was the worst beaten candidate in the history of the Democratic party. In New York and New Jersey, the States that the *World* was going to deliver to him, he was buried under an avalanche of Roosevelt votes. How empty, then, the *World's* promise that if Gov. Johnson should be nominated, "he would unquestionably poll 100,000 more votes than Mr. Bryan in New York and New Jersey!"—*Milwaukee News*.

BOKER'S BITTERS

Antidyspeptic. A tonic, an appetizer and a delicacy in mixed drinks.

ITEM FOR EXCHANGE EDITORS.

There is in San Francisco one newspaper proprietor who has recently promulgated as his motto what should be adopted by scores of newspapers in America: "Damn morality; what we want is prosperity." The *Springfield Republican* says that the reading public cannot long be deceived. That is true in one way; but the reading public can be deceived for a long time by deliberate suppression of news. Moreover, if it required but a short time to undeceive the public, some of the most prosperous daily papers in America would have perished ten or twenty years ago for want of circulation. There is one field of muck unplowed and uninvestigated by the muck-rakers: "Where lies the ownership of the big American newspaper?" Not in New York, or Philadelphia, or Chicago, or San Francisco alone, but in smaller cities. And again, "What are the franchise or other gags on the owner of this, that and the other American newspaper?" A turning-on of the light would be edifying. Let us know how the nation's publicity bureau has been and is corrupted. For it is largely corrupted.—*San Francisco Star*.

PAUPERIZING THE POOR.

There is a good deal of talk just now about pauperizing the poor with something for nothing. Isn't it queer that no one ever suggests that something for nothing pauperizes the rich? Why should a slice or two from a loaf of bread, and a cup of coffee to wash it down with—why should these doles make a pauper of the hungry man who can't get work to do, while a gift of thousands a year from the common earnings makes a gentleman of the monopolist who doesn't want work to do?—*The Public*.

SATAN TERRIFIED.

There is as great genius displayed in advertising as in the higher branches of literature. No problem daunts the modern advertising man.

In the window of a little book store in Eighth Avenue, New York, was recently heaped a great pile of Bibles, marked very low—never before were Bibles offered at such a bargain, and above them all, in big letters, was the inscription:

"Satan trembles when he sees Bibles sold as low as these."

—*Woman's Home Companion*.

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On account of our special arrangement with the publishers of the various magazines, we are in a position to quote prices to you far below those which would ordinarily be given to you, so if you do not find in the above clubbing offers the combination which you desire, write to us exactly what you wish, and we will quote you the lowest possible price for such a combination.

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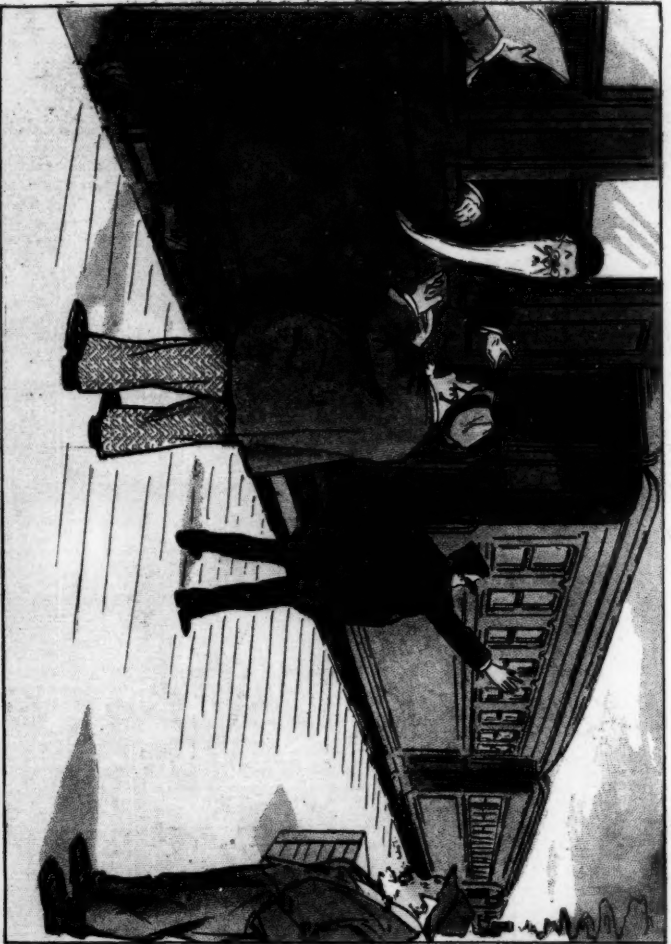
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